

# the Monster Times



“Would you mind closing the door?” asks agitated dictator. “I’m trying to get my beauty sleep!” This eerie illustration by Darryl Fradish is but one of many for *adorn* HPL’s *deluxe*azine devoted to H. P. Lovecraft. For more information and illustrations, see our review on page 26.

# The World's First Newspaper of Horror Sci-Fi and Fantasy

PAGE 10

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT  
PLAY WITH  
DAD THINGS!

Some of the strangest monsters ever to grace this world of ours (or any other we've ever caught wind of) have been grottos enough to put in an appearance in this issue of THE MONSTER TIMES. Among them will be the one and only GWANGI, an oft-neglected *Allosaurus* who, in his lone starring vehicle, THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, not only had the usual pterodactyl and brontosaurus to battle, but also had to contend with a bunch of greedy cowboys, power-mad gypsies, a meddling paleontologist, and a script that would scare anyone. Bruce Wayne will be bringing you all the high-voltage excitement and low-brow dramatics that conspired to bring *Gremlins* down in the valley.

Plus we've got monsters of the dead variety, of the intercessor variety, and even of the garden variety... the last being the first part of *Am Wacoco's* two-part series on those perverse plant monsters who have been trying to take over the world ever since the invention of celluloid. Actor-make-up-man Alan Ornathy tells what it was like to design the make-up for the recently released horror epic, *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS*.

Further mining the vampire vein, we have a comprehensive history of the Vampire in comics by Jeff Wasserberg. Also fox comic fans is another MT superstrip and a visually evocative review of HPL, a deluxe fanzine devoted to the works of H.P. Lovecraft. Plus we've got the latest reports on the sightings of a real... that's right... a REAL, monster, Motho's name and soaring the humble tawefolk of a small Missouri town has been his game of late. The story of this unidentified Hairy Beast has been receiving a great deal of play in the overground media and we've compiled what we think is the most comprehensive story to date on the subject. After all, Mothors are our business... our only business. And you can bet that no matter where monsters are looking, all they have to do is look over their hunchbacks and THE MONSTER TIMES will be there.

*Remember: If you don't see it here, then it probably means we don't have it.*

Joe

# the Monster King

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# **GODZILLA THE SMOG MONSTER**

PAGE 6

**THE VALLEY OF GWANCHI**  
A Wild West Show, some greedy entrepreneurs, a blind old gypsy witch, and a living, bad-breathing *Allosaurus* add up to adventure in this lively MT film

**RETURN OF THE VAMPIRES:** Vampires are alive and well and living in comic books. Join Jeff Wasserman as he examines the bone-chilling nature of the vachanous *Vampires* in the comic book world.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ALFRED? You'll find out here, as TMT talks with the Master of Suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, on every subject under the full moon. A TMT First!

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**GWANGI GETS IT ON:** In our centerfold is an enraged Gwangi engaged in mortal combat with a Far-Forbidden Valley fox . . . and mate the beast man well.

**LOVECRAFT LOVERS:** Here we got a magazine for you. Gary Brown tells all about HPL, a science fiction dedicated to the living memory of H.P.

**VEGETARIANS' REVENGE:** With trusty vegetable in hand, Jim Wecraski recounts the history of Hamordom's plant monsters in the first of a two-part series.

**TMT MAIL BAG:**  
More answers, messages, and miscellaneous comments and queries from our highly curious readers.

**BLACULA!!!:** The first black vampire grits his fangs as he prepares to change the long and mostly insulting role of blacks in the horror film.

**TNT TELETYPE TICKS ONE:**  
Bill Fore's back with another grab-bag full of hot flashes, scary scoops, and enough inside info to make the Phantom of the Opera sing our Teletypist's praises.

**"MOMO" THE MONSTER:** A real, live, honest-to-Satan monster's been sighted down South (one "Momo" by name) and TMT brings you the up-to-date story of the strange affair.

**MONSTER MASH:** TMT's Consumer Protection Dept. presents a strip that takes you behind the scenes on the development of a modern-washday miracle.

Drugs PAGE 26  
**EXTRA!**

Alan Drury, a make-up-men-artefacter, is responsible for this issue's cover—a living rendition of one of the ghouls he designed for a new *Fright-Rick* called . . . **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS!** Sound advice, that.

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Anytime an Allosaurus  
wouldn't give a Brontosaurus what for  
would be a dark day for dinosaurs indeed.  
Here GWANGI illustrates that contention  
with no trouble whatsoever . . .  
and without even using his hands . . .  
But then, as we all know, there are other ways . . .  
such as a power-crazed pygmy,  
a gang of greedy cowboys,  
and a pterodactyl  
who doesn't know the meaning  
of the word 'quit' . . . or,  
for that matter,  
of any other word you  
might care  
to mention.

## THE VALLEY OF GWANGI

BY  
BUDDY WEISS

Consider the possibilities. Here you have, in one film, a Wild West show, a British paleontologist, a band of Mexican gypsies led by an elderly blind witch, an Eohippus, a pterodactyl, a Forbidden Valley, and an Allosaurus named GWANGI. What do they have in common, you ask?

Well, that was up to

screenwriter William E. Best to figure out and for animation ace Ray Harryhausen to put into action . . . which they did. The result was an offbeat western-dinosaur epic called **THE VALLEY OF GWANGI**, presented down to the last stirring detail herewith by our own Allosaurus expert Buddy Weiss . . .

**T**he year was 1912. Gypsy leader Carlos Dos Omos stood staring at his dying brother who lay near the entrance to the Forbidden Valley in a remote section of Mexico. As he watched the death throes of his brother, though, his train of thought ran down different rails. In his head he held a burlap bag containing a tiny struggling animal. He was about to leave the valley with it when the blind gypsy witch Ta Zorita

approached him.

"If you take that animal from this valley," she warned him, "you too shall pay as your brother did."

Carlos snorted.

"You're an old superstitious fool," he blared. "This animal will make me one of the richest men in the world."

With a gleeful look crossing his sweetly fat face, Carlos rode off to start earning the fortune he'd so long dreamed



Gypsy leader Carlos Dos Oros fights off attackers who are trying to steal a tiny struggling animal that rightfully belongs to him. After all, it was he who stole it from his dying brother.

of, while the wise old gypsy thought of the inevitable term that would soon be unleashed on that unsuspecting village.

Meanwhile, in the middle of that very village, another man, Tuck Kirby, watched as T.J. Breckinridge and her Wild West Show entered town. Watching the colorful procession, he couldn't help reminiscing about the time he had come west with the show... and with the pretty T.J.

"I was probably a fool for not marrying her while I had the chance," Tuck thought, "but that's life, I guess. Well, let me attend to business and then get outta here before I'm tempted to see T.J. again."

As Tuck sauntered down the street, he more or less spotted a familiar face. Upon closer inspection, Tuck knew he was not mistaken.

"It can't be, but... wait a minute. Champ! Champ!"

Champ Conner, T.J.'s show manager, turned towards the caller but was not at all happy when he saw who it was. "Tuck Kirby," he mumbled. "Where in blazes did you come from and what do you want here?"

"Now, Champ," spoke Tuck drammatically, "what happened between me and T.J. was way in the past. You still can't see me at me. Look, you wouldn't need if I just said hello to her before I left?"

Champ looked at him suddenly. "Of course, I'd mind... but there doesn't seem to be too much I can do to stop you."

With that, Tuck headed for T.J.'s tent. As T.J. caught sight of Tuck entering her tent, her reaction was slightly more aggravated than Champ's. A piece of pottery came hurling at Kirby, and narrowly missed smashing him in the face.

Tuck greeted T.J. with a wry smile. "Now, now, my dear," he grinned, "is that any way to treat an old friend?"

"Oh, so now we're friends again. Get out of here! I never want to see you again!"

"Come on, T.J.," Tuck said. "I just came here to make you an offer you can't refuse for Omar the Wonder Horse. Buffalo Bill thinks he can use him for his act and, besides, I know you're not making enough money to pay your feed bill."

"That's where you're wrong," T.J. told him. "Next week in Vilanova I'll have the greatest act there ever was. Now please go leave me alone."

"I'm going, sweetheart, but I'll be back to see that great act of yours."

As Tuck was riding through the plains, he kept wondering about that new act T.J. was talking about. His thoughts were rudely interrupted, however, when he spied an old man lying on the ground.

"Hey," asked Tuck, dismounting, "are

you a Bradford print of a creature that's been extinct for over 70 million years... a small three-toed horse called an Edaphus?"

Tuck became thoughtful. "Listen," he said, "it's not possible an animal like that could be alive today, is it?"

The professor laughed as if he owned the world, and had just been offered a

Breckinridge's tent.

"Carlos," said T.J. anxiously, "are you here to talk to me about the money I owe you?"

"No," Carlos assured her, "I am only thinking of the emerald I found in the Fortified Valley. It will make much money for the two of us. Madre de Dios! What was that?"



Tuck Kirby (Lester Professional) shows up to beg Oscar, the Wonder Horse from his former partner, T.J. Breckinridge (Nila Goldani) but both men find themselves embroiled in weird happenings that were never dreamt of in either of their nightmares.

good price for it.

"Of course not, Tuck," he mused, "that would be quite impossible."

Tuck grew deadly serious.

"Hmmp," he wondered aloud, "I wonder..."

#### THE RETURN OF

#### CARLOS DOS OSROS

The following day, as the rehearsals for the wild west show continued, Carlos Dos Oros rode purposefully into T.J.'s

tent at just that moment a scream from

outside pierced the thin walls of T.J.'s tent. Investigating, T.J. saw a bull chasing one of the village boys around the ring and the boy is unable to escape. Tuck, who has returned to see T.J., quickly rushes to the boy's rescue. He jumps over the fence, grabs the youngster, and leaps over the side just as the bull's sharp, deadly-horned snout smacks solidly against the fence. T.J. runs swiftly to their aid.

"Tuck," T.J. panted, "are you hurt?"

Tuck, Carlos, T.J. and Champ look on in amazement at the captive Edaphus. And we were equally amazed that we were able to get hold of these rare production drawings sketched by Ray Harryhausen himself!



"I'm surprised you even care," said Tuck sarcastically. "Look, there is one thing you can do for me. How about letting me see that next act of yours?"

T.J. shook resigned. "I suppose if I don't show you you'll never leave me alone about it. Come with me."

T.J. led Tuck to a tent with a very small cage inside it. The cage was completely covered by a cloth. T.J. lifted it, revealing a perfectly proportioned miniature horse... with three toes. Tuck guessed it was an *Eohippus*.

Later that evening, Professor Bromley viewed the little animal, identifying it beyond a shadow of a doubt as a genuine *Eohippus*. The problem now was to find out where it had come from.

"Tuck," stated Prof. Bromley, "we must find out the origin of this animal."

"T.J. told me that Carlos brought the horse here," Tuck volunteered. "Let's go find out from him."



Tuck speaks with a British paleontologist, Prof. Bromley. LAURENCE NASHWITZ, who happened to be wandering around Mexico at the time. Together they approach Tia Zorina, the gypsy witch, who refuses to divulge to them the whereabouts of the Forbidden Valley.

Prof. Bromley eyed the old gypsy thoughtfully.

"Retrasa him, eh?" he said, an idea forming in his old but brilliant brain.

#### DOWN IN THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY

That evening three gypsies came to the

Breckridge Caves to take the little horse back to the Forbidden Valley from whence it came. The professor had tipped them off as to where the animal was caged so he could trail them and thereby discover the location of the valley. Lope, a local village boy who knew of the professor's plan, tipped off Tuck in turn, who quickly rode to the circus in an effort to stop the gypsies. As Tuck arrived, he saw the gypsies knock out Carlos Dos Ojos and make off with the *Eohippus*. Deciding to trail them, Tuck took off while T.J. and Champ Censors came running in Carlos' aid.

"Tuck did this to me," Carlos lied. "I saw him steal the horse." A grim spasm across the face of Carlos, who knew he had just done a bad thing.

"Tuck did it!" Champ bellowed. "Oh ... I'll get even with him alright!" Champ motioned to the others. "Point

me to my trusty steed, let's get after him!"

At the entrance of the Forbidden Valley, the gypsies let the little horse escape. Several yards away, and under the cover of the rocks, watched the professor and Lope. Tuck Kirby came riding up and spotted them.

"Well, professor," Tuck greeted, "I should have known you were behind all of this."

At this point, T.J., Champ, and Carlos came riding up to join the others. Upon spying Tuck, T.J. screamed: "I'll have you put in jail for this, you horse thief!"

Tuck responded quickly to the unfair threat.

"Now you just wait a minute, Gorgeous," he spoke. "I had nothing to do with this. The gypsies brought it back here."

All of a sudden, Champ spotted the *Eohippus* running inside the valley.

"There goes the horse. Get him!" he shouted.

Tuck told Champ, "See! There's a whole valley in there. If part of this wall can be broken down, the horses will be able to fit through. C'mon, what are we waiting for?"

\* \* \*

And so the party began their search into the unknown wilds of the Forbidden Valley. Tuck headed in first in hopes of finding a whole herd of the little horses, but stopped cold when a broken cry of help was heard from deep within the valley. Tuck recognized the voice—it was Lope! Tuck looked up to see a giant pterodactyl swoop down and grab the boy, and Tuck leapt from his horse onto the pterodactyl and smashed it to the ground.

As soon as Lope has been saved from the grips of the grotesque predator, Tuck sees a small prehistoric creature resembling a puffed ostrich. It is an *Ornithomimus* and Tuck promptly gives it a chase, trying to rope it while the others offer their aid. Rounding the bend they witness the terrifying sight of the creature being picked up and summarily destroyed by ... a huge monitor so big as a house, a beast technically known as an *Allosaurus* and commonly called by the gypsies *GWANGI*!

Continued on page 29



Dot Tuck and company find it soon enough anyway: a valley untouched by time and full of strange dangers, not the least of which is an *Allosaurus* the gypsies call *GWANGI*.

Tuck Kirby and the Professor went to talk with Carlos.

"No, I will not tell you where it came from," said Carlos, standing his ground. Never one to look a gift *Eohippus* in the mouth, Carlos continued: "It is my secret and mine alone. Tia Zorina and the rest of those old gypsies would laugh!" Carlos paused to imitate the sound of laughter—"if they only knew how sick I am to become."

The professor winced. "Gypsies? Tia Zorina? Come on, Tuck, I think I know where to find what we're looking for."

Tuck and the professor arrived at the gypsy camp in search of Tia Zorina. Finding her, Prof. Bromley tried to persuade the old sage to tell what she knew of the Forbidden Valley.

"Tia Zorina, you must tell us where that horse came from... for the good of science and mankind."

"It is forbidden to speak of the valley," the winced old woman spat. "The horse should be returned there as soon as possible to stop the curse."



Although the vampire legend has prospered in literature and legends for many years, the fang-toothed demons haven't fared quite as well in the four-color aberrations we call comic books. They've had a spotty history in the comics, alternately being persecuted from its pages and being touted as their saviors.

Comic book protagonist Jeffrey H. Wasserman examines all the aspects of vampirism in the comic book in a special presentation for all TMT readers. He covers the period of the early years of comics when vampires roamed the pages unfettered, the lean years of the 1950's and 60's when the Comics

Code Authority outlawed vampires and other related ghosts and ghouls throughout the early 1970's when variations of the vampire legend returned to comic books. He even discusses Marvel's newest vampire book, *TOMB OF DRACULA*, a new comic which apparently is seeking to remain

faithful to the vampire cult.

But enough talk. Mr. Wasserman's biting critique proceeds directly, and we're sure you'll enjoy this blood-curdling article.

by JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

# VAMPIRES IN THE COMICS

From the advent of the COMICS CODE on October 26, 1954 to February 1, 1971, the date of its first revision, vampires were expressly forbidden to appear in any magazine published by a member comics group of the COMICS MAGAZINE ASSOCIATION. The establishment of the code, which was demanded by the general public, was carried out by the comic companies so that they could avoid censorship from a source outside of the industry. Comic companies had to cut back on all stories involving vampires and other human deformities (along with violence and crime) in order to have their magazines distributed by the national distributors and to receive the seal of approval from the COMICS CODE AUTHORITY.

One final example of a story that could not be repeated after the establishment and before the revision of the COMICS CODE was

A depiction of a Vampiress' wings at night by Fredric Wertham in "Vampires the Vampire" by Thomas Provenzano as it appears in Anthony Masters' THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE, one of the books always found in any TMT Request Reading list.



Seen here resting in peace is Spider-Man's answer to theacula legend, a monster he calls Morbius. Although he called himself a vampire, he couldn't even bring himself to bear invoke an changing into a bat or becoming a shapeless vapor. Some vampires...



"Midnight Mess" from a 1953 issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT. This story was reprinted in the hardcover HORROR COMICS LIBRARY OF THE 1950's.)

The story tells of a young man who starts to eat on a bit of food at a restaurant his girlfriend recommended to him. Said girlfriend tells him that the guesses he has made are right: he is chewing on blood soup and fritted blood clots. She continued to explain that just as normal people go to places to eat prepared food, so do modern-day vampires. This she calmly relates to him as the vampires present drive a spike through his neck and drink his blood... fresh from the tap! It is no wonder that the public criticized such stories.

Stories like "Midnight Mess" still cannot appear, for the revision of the COMICS CODE only allows vampires in the old traditional sense to appear since these ancient

Monsters compromised for the lack of traditional vampire powers with a short blood and a weak use of words, which he often puts to good use in order that suffusing vampires, Spider-Man.



Monsters compromised for the lack of traditional vampire powers with a short blood and a weak use of words, which he often puts to good use in order that suffusing vampires, Spider-Man.



A close-up of Morbius's version of DRACULA reveals that the Stan Lee mob were going after the real thing this time: a vampire devoid of fangs and redeeming social values.

vampires are well-known to the public and are present in established reading matter, movies and folklore. Basically, the new COMICS CODE only allows to appear before the general public for over a hundred years. The COMICS CODE is not one for pioneering in the realm of vampirism, spiritualism and the occult.

However, either way you look at it, vampires (along with ghouls and werewolves) are now permitted to appear in the comic books we all love and read. This permission was exactly what the comic companies were looking for in order to boost their sagging sales. The companies did not take long to act after the sixteen year prohibition on the use of vampires was ended. Five months after the revision of the

code appeared, the vampires made their triumphant return.

#### RETURN OF THE VAMPIRES

One of the first vampires of the seventies appeared in the Marvel Comics Group's flagship magazine, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN. The vampire's moniker was Morbius, and even though he was the ancient vampire in one sense, he was not in another. The vampires of the olden days owed their interesting pastime of sucking blood from living victims to being bitten by another vampire. While Morbius fulfilled the vampire's characteristic of seeking warm blood, he was not initiated into this fellowship of blood-drinkers by a fellow vampire. Originally a sufferer of a dread disease of the blood, Morbius attempted to treat and

"That reminds me of the one about the vampire hunter who was so scared that he got rope burns from his rosary ... But it's not easy being a vampire hunter ... They've got a heavy cross to bear ... Speaking of vampire hunters, a funny thing happened on the way to the crypt ... A vampire hunter came up to me and said he hadn't had a bite in three days ... so I bit him ... But seriously folks, ..."

care himself by using a machine that employed the bodily fluids of a vampire bat. His treatments did not work out exactly the way he expected them to, or have you not yet guessed since he was experimenting with his pet bat? By cutting out the middle man, Morbius made himself into a vampire.

Since Morbius owed his existence as a vampire to a bat, it was only natural that he resemble a bat more than a human. His skin was chalk-white, the whites of his eyes pink, and his other facial features were that of a bat's. His cute turned-up nose and shocking white face scared the living daylight out of a cargo freighter's crew, a crew

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If this looks familiar to you, chances are it's because we already printed it back in TNT No. 10 (EC issue). We really dig the Joe Orlando strip from TALES OF THE CRYPT (EC, back in 1953, circa ...)

**IN THE OLD DAYS, HUMANS HUNTED THEIR OWN FOOD...PREPARED IT THEMSELVES! VAMPIRES TOO! IN THE LEVENS, HUNTED THEIR OWN VICTIMS! BUT NOW, WE, JUST LIKE MODERN MAN, LEAVE THE HUNTING TO THE PROFESSIONALS! WE LEAVE THE PREPARING TO THE PROFESSIONALS, TOO...**



**AND SO HAROLD WAS STRUNG UP...HEAD DOWN! THE TAP WAS INSERTED INTO HIS JUGULAR VEIN! AND EACH OF THE VAMPIRES CAME ONE BY ONE... AND FILLED ITS GLASS...**



**THIS RESTAURANT SERVES BLOOD DISHES... LIKE A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT SERVES VEGETABLE DISHES. BLOOD-JUICE-COCKTAIL NOT BLOOD-CONSONNE-ROAST BLOOD-SLOTS...FRENCH-FRIED SCARS...BLOOD SHERBET...**



**HEH,HEH! AND THAT'S THE STORY, KIDDIES! THAT'S WHAT 'CIVILIZED' VAMPIRES DO THESE DAYS! THEY GIVE IN BLOODLITURANT RESTAURANTS,OPEN SUNDOWN TO SUNRISE. WHERE IS THERE ONE IN YOUR TOWN, YOU ASK? WELL, SOME NIGHT IF YOU FEEL UP TO IT, LOOK FOR IT! YOU CAN TELL IT BY THE SIGN INSIDE! IT'S IN RED...AND IT SAYS, "POSITIVELY NO NIPPING THE WAITERS!" THE GUY WHO STARTED THIS CHAIN OF DRINKERIES IS A VAMPIRE BARMUM. HE KNOWS THERE'S A 'SUGGER' BORN EVERY MINUTE! HOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER!**



who fell victim to his eternal thirst for blood. Although he claimed to be a vampire, Morbius could not turn into a bat or become a shapeless gas. Much unlike the usual vampire (now just how usual is a vampire anyway?), he hated being one and was disgusted at the needs of his body for fresh blood. Morbius was to fight Spider-Man to a stand-still and then to an inconclusive final battle (a typical Marvel plot which appeared in THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN No. 101 and No. 102) before his stay in that magazine was over.

#### THE UNIVERSAL VAMPIRE



Any relationship between the vampires on the cover of this Jimmy Olsen comic and Vincent Price is anything but coincidental (Pshaw!).

Jack Kirby, while he was the editor of National-D.C.'s



# THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!



THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted bewitching black sundries.

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Doris Fujitake, an artist of the Jeff Jones-Bernie Wrightson school. \$1.00



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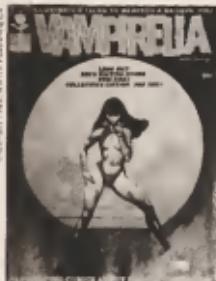
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**SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN**, introduced a world that consisted of a wide array of refugees from the old Universal-International movies. These weirdies were commanded by a vampire who was more of the old Dracula set than Morbius was; the vampire, Count Dragorin by name, could turn others into mindless slaves and become a gaseous mist or a bat at will. However, Count Dragorin parts from his similarity with the traditional vampires here. Dragorin, like Morbius, did not own his membership in the kingdom of the dead to a love-peck from another vampire. Dragorin and his henchmen of Boris Karloff/Frankenstein monsters and Lon Chaney/Werewolves were creatures of a world whose life-style was directed from constant viewing of the horror movies of Hollywood. These creatures developed into the human deformities they were from a desire to be like the only society they knew: the celluloid world of monster movies.

Jimmy Olsen, with the aid of the Man of Steel, traced Dragorin from the Daily Planet building to his miniature world that existed in a laboratory deep beneath a graveyard. There they found the minuscule planet, defeated the invaders from the monster world and reversed its life-style by projecting to them the musical movies of the 1930's and 1940's instead of the horror movies that had been their sole diet.

So far, the vampires that both the Marvel and National comic groups had released were watered-down versions of the original thing. The Warren Publishing Company tried the vampire scene with a different twist. Their leading vampire character was a female appropriately named Vamparella.



Vamparella may be lacking in social grace, but her taste in clothes is flawless.

She premiered in her own magazine, first as the hostess to the stories within her book, and then as the star of her own series. In this series, her origin was revealed to be a planet where the inhabitants drank freely from creeks and rivers of blood just as you or I would drink water from a running mountain stream. On her own planet, Vamp was a normal girl and her need for blood was considered a necessity. On Earth, she was hardly a normal girl and her yearning for blood was deemed to be lacking in social



grace, if not good manners. Here too, this was not the true vampire.

The final Dracula imitation was a strange perversion foisted on comic readers by the Dell Publishing Company. Starting in 1966 they published a comic called **DRACULA**. However, since Dell did not subscribe to the oft-times pantywaist Comics Code, they could have played this Dracula rather big, replete with lots of biting and all the things that go along with it. But, instead, they chose to make this Dracula a superhero, fighting for the traditional truth, justice and the American Way. This is all rather strange, since he is described as a middle European in the original story.

**DRACULA**, or at least this long-johned imitation of Bram Stoker's version, didn't sell and lasted less than a dozen issues. Much to the chagrin of comic fans, however, Dracula is back with Dell in a reprint version. Apparently they feel what didn't sell in the 60's will sell in the 70's.

With the angles of creating vampires by use of machines and from social determining already used, there did not seem to be

any ploy by the strange powers which have been created to fight against the vampires, vampires, evil and grand whale tails till the earth as the hopes that somehow my example will be an example to all men." So says Dell's version of Dracula, a patrician公子哥 in superhero gear and a member of the TMB staff. "We hope that our comic strip characters don't follow this Dracula's example, ased by the TMB staff as the worst comic ever produced and inspiring of grand! one of a long list of artistic errors Dell had to answer for. I issue, look at that guy... he's even worse than ours!

many other ploys that could be called upon to create a new vampire. However, eleven months after the **COMICS CODE** revision, Marvel Comics decided to return to basics... to cut out all the tricks, all the gimmicky set-ups. The obvious train of thought was that there was a shining example of vampirism in literature that had already captured a world-wide reputation, so why not capitalize on it? After all, the **COMICS CODE** did state that the traditional vampire could be used.

#### ORAC'S BACK

And so, the original vampire became a comic character. With the banner screaming that **DRACULA Lives!**, Marvel released the first issue of **THE TOMB OF DRACULA**. Thunder crackles and rain pours heavily upon the darkest hills of Transylvania as Frank Drake returns to his ancestral homeland to claim his inheritance: the Castle Dracula. Paying no heed to the townspeople's warnings about venturing into the dreaded castle, Drake and friends explore the Dracula homestead. One member of the party falls through a rotten floor and comes upon a

coffin... that of Count Dracula's. Within the pine box, he finds the vampire's skeleton pinned down by a wooden stake. Inquisitive, Drake's friend removes the stake and revives the menace of Dracula.

In this adaptation of the original vampire, Count Dracula retains all his former powers that were cited in the past. Here, Bram Stoker's favorite vampire is portrayed by comic veteran Gene Colan as having a white-grey-blue complexion, a widow's peak hairstyle, pointed fingernails, fangs, and a thin mustache. As in the original version, Dracula shies away from crosses, silver and mirrors. Ol' Orac'



BEAT INTO BATTLE AT MIDNIGHT!  
TO STALK A VAMPIRE!

But finally, re-enchanted Dracula returned to the comic scene in Marvel's **THE TOMB OF DRACULA**, a reversion of the Count

also enlists followers by his inviting them to his coffin when daylight breaks. It is this latter characteristic of the average vampire on the street that results in Dracula travelling to London; for Frank Drake has sold the Dracula estate and has removed his vampire ancestor's coffin to England.

In the pages of today's comics, vampires of traditional, scientific and cultural origins now abound. They are now but one of the devices the comic industry is employing in their search for better-selling magazines. Along with relevance, sword-and-sorcery, pulp characters, and mystery tales, the occult is becoming a substantial part of the comic scene.

Yes, vampires are here to stay! ■

...Vampires here to stay... set of Baby Grubbs has anything to say?



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"Please excuse my twisted smile . . .

When actor, producer and make-up maven Alan Ormsby told us he wanted to do an inside piece about monster make-ups, we told him to go ahead and do it. Following this, he went home and wrote it and came back and gave it to us. So we turned around and put it in the paper. This is only one example of the fascinating intrigues that go on behind the scenes in the publishing business; heart-pounding incidents like the above go on all the time around here. But, having neither the time, space, or inclination to go into any of them now, we will turn our attention instead to the subject at hand: Monsters and how to make them. Alan recently designed the make-ups for a slew of gory ghouls in the about-to-be-released fright flick *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS* (which he also stars in) and wants to share his forbidden knowledge with TMT readers. So, in his own words, here's ALAN ORMSBY. . .

" . . . Rubber and glue, organs and gore, Usserly Blue. And a tendon or two—THAT'S what little ghouls are made of!"  
—Old English Make-up Man's Saying



Author Ormsby and friend as they appear in new fright flick, *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS*. Ormsby is the one on the left.

I only rented it for the evening."

Since the MONSTER TIMES has kindly relinquished this space for a few comments on the demotic art of Monster Make-up, I'll try to fill it with some practical and, hopefully, useful information on that subject, at least on my approach to it. Who am I, you may ask, and what are my qualifications? I designed and built the make-up for a new horror flick called *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS!*—a flick in which I also acted. But as for my qualifications—Well, scan the following list of questions—you may be qualified yourself!

DO YOU POSSESS—A lifelong fascination with the horrific, the grotesque?

ARE YOU OBSESSED—with the macabre? An attempt to visualize the UNKNOWN, the UNNAMEABLE?

HAVE YOU ALWAYS—Admired the work of the grotis, ancient and modern, who have tried to depict their personal nightmares? Take a look at the paintings from Goya's "Black" Period; check out Da Vinci's caricatures; Rienzi's bitter anti-nepotistic polemics; delve into the grotesque, giddy-and-more

# CONFESIONS OF A MONSTER MAKER

Trio of Ormsby's ghouls give confession to title *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS* as they get ready to undertake some grave activities. Also designed the make-ups not only for the ghouls shown here, but for all of them . . . more than 30 altogether!





If you need to be told that the above face belongs to a monster, then you haven't been paying attention. The scared, craggy flesh, distorted eyes, and obviously neglected teeth

most-work of the EC group: Davis, Ingels, Wood, Evans, Craig.

**ARE YOU FASCINATED BY**—The chunky works of make-up, from Chaney's prone-nosed Phantom to Piero's great Frankenstein-Monster creation?

**HAVE YOU SPENT HOURS**—Plugging up your nose with hairpins in imitation of Chaney's masterpiece? Covering the iris of your eye with boiled egg-membrane, attempting to match Chaney's blind hogger of *Road To Mandalay*? Mincing your face with Karo Syrup and Kreams? Weighing your back down with 6-lb weights? Flattening the top of your head with pounds of nose putty?

probably bad breath too! or closed passageways to the alert monster mucus. And a big hand goes to *EC* readers who identified the creature correctly. Yea-pew!

#### HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER

If your answer to the above questions is a solid yes, you may be on your way to becoming a monster make-up man (or an inmate at a mental hospital). What you need next is some instruction on how to apply all this grotesque enthusiasm. The best book on make-up that I know of is Vincent J.R. Kehoe's *THE TECHNIQUE OF FILM AND TELEVISION MAKE-UP* (Revised Edition, \$16.50 from Hastings House Pub.). Buy it, Read it, Study it. Memorize it. It will provide you with all the practical knowledge you will need to begin. As for aesthetic considerations, here are a few general observations (AN that space will permit):

Cultivate an awareness of the effects of **LIGHT** and **SHADOW**. Remember, make-up (and especially horror make-up) is **ANIMATED SCULPTURE**. Half of your work's effectiveness will be dependent on the way it is lit. Bad lighting can ruin it. Design for the lights. Consider what the source of the light will be in the scene; whether it is stationary or will move during the action. For practice, model a clay face. Turn it from side to side, up and down, under an ordinary table lamp—work with it, modelling the most effective areas. For examples of the effectiveness of light, take another look at Karloff's Frankenstein Monster... a work obviously designed to take greatest advantage of the light. You might even say that the shadows it casts are what creates its fantastic effect... that and Karloff's acting, of course. (For a review of another of Kehoe's make-up texts, **PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP FOR STILLS AND MOVIES**, see *TMT* 12-Ed.)

#### DESIGNING YOUR DEMON

**DON'T COME IN WITH TOO MANY PRE-CONCEIVED IDEAS**—Study the actor's face before you start. Study photographs of him. Draw him in caricature. Distort his features on paper, deciding which areas of his face can be used to your advantage in creating a bony effect. Half the job is what you do with what is **ALREADY THERE**.



A mask of a girl ghoulishness in the face of the humble starch pictured here.

**AIM FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT WITH THE MINIMUM OF MEANS**—You don't have to have a million dollars and a bevy of assistants to create a good piece of work. **AFTER YOU'VE MADE SURE THAT NONE OF YOUR CHOSEN INGREDIENTS ARE HARMFUL IN THEIR EFFECT**, there are millions of inexpensive things you can use to create great effects. For instance, in *CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS*, we searched for an effect that would make the Ghouls' teeth look rotten. We didn't have time to build fake

Continued on page 26

An early condition of yet another of Alan's monster masks.





## "FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

Everyone this side of *STAR TREK* knows about the world's most known sci-fi character, **FLASH GORDON**. Flash and his comrade-in-arms Doc Zarkov, delightful Dale Arden, and the ever-deplorable Ming The Merciless have made the rounds about everywhere. Starting off in a comic strip, then transferred to the serials, it even made television and comic books. Of course Flash has sure been around, and now to chronicle all those trials and tribulations comes **HERITAGE**—devoted to Flash and Flash alone.

**HERITAGE** has just about everything for the Flash freak, or even the most casual fan. It could strip you naked? Well, it could. Jeff Jones and Mike Kuhns and Fred Brannon to name a few, let's an article that you desire? You won't find a better one than "Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by TMT's own Al Aspinoff. They don't come more informative than that people. Are you still you? Well, Bill Plympton, Marvin and Kenneth Smith contribute to the fun. Not to mention illustrations by Paul Frazee and Reed Crandall. And if it's an interview you demand, don't go way. **Heritage** has a long, free-wheeling discussion with Mr. Burton Crabb—"Flash is the Flash," don't you know?—conducted by none other than Al

Williamson, Flash Gordon's greatest fan. And still? Like you wouldn't believe.

And in case you're worried that this super Flash keepsake is fragile, forget it. This 80-page masterpiece is printed on super-heavy, super slick stock bound to last several lifetimes. The cover is illustrated in full-color by the original Flash delineator, Alex Raymond. And the cost? Fifteen dollars you say? Ten dollars? No, sir, this book is available from the friendly folks at *The Monster Times* for only \$3.50 and 25 cents postage and handling. So what are you waiting for?

**The Monster Times**, 11 West 17 Street, Dept. H, New York, N.Y. 10011

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15

TMT proudly presents... an interview with that Master of Suspense, Maven of the Macabre, Wizard of Weird, and High Prince of Horror himself, Alfred Hitchcock. Hitch discusses the origins of his astonishing art, his views on violence, his latest flick, **FRENZY**, and a host of other matters of vital interest as MT media man R. Allen Leider asks, "What's it all about, Alfred?"

## A

lfred Hitchcock is back from a six month gig in London where he produced and directed his fifty-third feature, **FRENZY**. The mere mention of the name Hitchcock brings to mind **THE 39 STEPS**, **SPILLBOUND**, **SHADOW OF A DOUBT**, **PSYCHO**, **THE BIRDS**, and countless others. Yet, in all his pictures he has never yielded to this overplayed violence-for-violence-sake attitude that many thriller makers have adopted as a means of bedding up audience scripts.

Hitchcock explained, "I only use explicit violence or sex for that matter, when the story I am telling requires that to be shown. In the last film I made I had the nude figure of a girl dead pushed into a sack of potatoes. And the character in the story is required to get that body out and get from its hand a piece of incriminating evidence. In order not to

# What's it all about, Alfie?

R. Allen Leider

## AN INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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A "step-by-step" visualization of a new classic scene from **PSYCHO** has Marion Bates as an Al-fisted Hitchcock shot this scene for maximum shock value in little in the hand of an as-yet unknown ambling backwards down the stairs. **PSYCHO** is rated by many as being Alfred's ultimate masterpiece.





Always willing to listen to new ideas, Hitch presents a familiar friend while victim of mad stalker's FRENZY above scenes of a loss for words. We tried to find out which was the REAL Hitchcock, but both refused to say.

Investigator climbing the stairs to the door, silent flakes out and camera follows victim



offend anyone, I had the girl covered with a bikini made of potatoes. It was a large triangle of full sun potatoes wired around her abdomen. And as he got nearer he pulled the body out of the sack of potatoes both hands were covering the breasts until he got down to the fingers that held the evidence. I went to all that trouble to avoid showing something that might be offensive and was not directly related to the point I was trying to make. In PSYCHO some thought the violence was excessive, but it was necessary to tell the story as well as to build the mood. All of this type of picture is a combination of story and mood. The art of telling the story is in the editing of the film. You have to cut and arrange a morsel of image to produce an EMOTIONAL effect. That's why I never do whodunits. They are puzzles and lose the emotional effect like to create. They are content, not style."

TMT: But how do you do this, say, in FRENZY? How do you create this emotional punch?

HITCHCOCK: Well, there is this scene where you know who the murderer is. He picks up a girl. We have already seen him murder one girl and we know he has killed others. And he takes this girl he has just picked up to his apartment. He takes her up the stairs into the room and closes the door and he says, "You know, you're my sort of girl." I then retreat the camera away from the door, down the stairs, as though to say to the audience ... I leave the rest to your imagination. And I take the camera right down the passageway, into the street and I purposely bring up the traffic noise. Then I move up and you look at the front windows of his apartment. Subconsciously I hope you will say to yourself, "He's going to kill her, but no one will ever hear it."

TMT: How did you get started in films?

HITCHCOCK: I was working in the advertising department of a studio. I was originally a layout man, I would paste up the pieces of the advertising copy. Then I became a junior technician, then scenario writer. My first three films showed a marked influence of the German theatre, or rather German cinema because I was working in the same studios with Murnau, Lang and Janssen. The German cinema of those days is now no longer with us. My first noteworthy film was THE LODGER, which was silent. It was about JACK THE RIPPER. There was something very fresh about making those movies ... When I first went into art school I was taught that drawing a figure in outline was entirely wrong. I learned that there is no such thing as a line. Lines are shorthand. Only light and shadow exist. And I have always been very aware of the light and shadow of the scene rather than the figures themselves.



Hitch manages to squeeze a laugh out of Jean Leigh, but a waiting Tony Perkins will soon wipe that grin off her face.



TMT: Do you invest your own money in your films or do you use backers?

HITCHCOCK: I've always believed that the money from the previous film should go for the following efforts. If the previous film doesn't bring in enough, well then, there are other sources. I never invest my own money in my movies because that would be the craziest thing to do. Once you've made a film you're in the hands of sales people, publicity people. It's all very well for one to conceive an idea, make it into a film, but later on that very film, that germ of an idea which came out of your head ... when it's finished you hand it over to the sales department and it becomes their film. So the most foolish thing one could do is to invest one's own money in the film.

TMT: Why did you leave television? Your show was very successful.

HITCHCOCK: I was in television for ten years. I made 273 half hour programs and 90 one hour shows. These are still playing now. If I had made any more television films I would eventually be in competition with myself. Besides, there is

no quality in television films. Or in many of the films I've seen in the cinema recently either.

TMT: What do you think about the new wave of cinema directors and filmmakers?

HITCHCOCK: I don't think they've learned the business thoroughly. I think to learn this business you've got to go back to the early silent films. A lot of these new people copy each other. They must first learn how to tell a story visually. I'm sure lots of people must be bored watching scenes with out of focus flowers or something in the foreground. All art is supposed to create emotion. This is where a lot of these new wave directors fall short. They sacrifice the story and the visual rhythm of the film for effects and gimmicks which don't convey emotion as well as the proper method would have.

TMT: Getting back to the question of violence for a minute, how do you justify the violence? I'm sure that PSYCHO is the best known of your films because of the violence and grisly deaths.

HITCHCOCK: That may be so, but again let me repeat that I never use blood for blood's sake. I've always preferred understatement. I have been called a ghoul. I know when an audience is going to scream and I enjoy it. But, in my own opinion, the scenes in PSYCHO are not my most shocking. My favorite is in THE 39 STEPS where Robert Donat is being tortured in a man's home and he's describing the master spy he is after. Donat says that the only thing he knows about this spy is that he has the little finger missing from the right hand. Whenupon his host holds up his hand with the little finger missing and says, "You need the left hand." THAT IS SHOCKING.

So at 72 Alfred Hitchcock brings us another in what we hope is a long series of genuine cinematic entertainments. FRENZY is not his greatest, but after a brief absence from the screen it is a welcome sign that the master is coming back to the medium he knows so well. ■

The Master of Suspense as he appears today. At age 72, Hitchcock plans to add more celluloid stakes to his already venerable career of films.





When our favorite green dinosaur heard we were doing a piece on his latest film, *GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER*, he immediately volunteered his services, maintaining that the story should be told straight from the dinosaur's mouth, so to speak. But we felt we'd get a slightly more objective view of the film from one of our other writers, Gary Gerani by name, and so we handed the

assignment to him. The Big G will just have to wait until next time... and if we hear any grunts of discontent from his corner, we might just have to lean on him a little.

by Gary Gerani

# GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER

**QUESTION:** How does a middle-aged monster with stinky breath come to grips with today's relevant, socially-enlightened society? **ANSWER:** He stars in AIP's latest stink, *GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER*, and battles air pollution as nobody has before... by soaking it in the mouth! Yes, monsters may come and monsters may go, but shoddy cars always find, so join us as TMT covers "Mighty Mouth's" latest battle, this time against the evils of ecology.

Our story begins innocently enough as Dr. Yaso (a scientist of sorts) discovers a strange tadpole-shaped creature that comes to life in polluted water. Accompanied by his son, Ken, he heads for the nearest rocky shore to investigate. Then IT happens... something almost too terrible to discuss... A MONSTROUS RED-EYED BLOB comes out of the ocean and frightens the poor defenseless child! The good doctor surmises that Hedorah (the blob's name)

city. In its process of development, it becomes able to fly and, as it soars through the smoke-filled skies, it spreads a sulphuric acid which damages all living things, turning them into fury, glowing optical effects.

Deeply affected by the pain about him, Ken dreams that Godzilla will come to save his city. When he awakes, he is convinced that Godzilla will help and tells his mother, Mrs. Toshi Yaso, who is deeply concerned about her son's sanity.

## MIGHTY MOUTH VS. SUPERSLUDGE

The young people of the city decide to hold a mass rally on Mount Fujiyama against Hedorah. While there, the monster appears to protect their action and proceeds to murder them all. But he is stopped when Godzilla finally manages to make the scene. The pair immediately engage in a mighty struggle.

Meanwhile, Dr. Yaso has designed a massive machine consisting of two giant electrodes spread a good distance apart with enough power in them to send massive electrical charges across the gap and completely dehydrate any living thing trapped in that area. Ignoring the fact that Tokyo City is within the radius, the doctor desperately works to complete the weapon in time. It won't long before the struggling behemoths find themselves between the electrodes. Godzilla finally



Hedorah, the Smog Monster, tries to do his bit to reduce Tokyo's traffic problem but, as usually the case with monsters, his actions are misinterpreted and his efforts go unheralded.

subdues his adversary and the electric charge strikes, transforming Hedorah into a tremendous, out-and-out total "waste." (Hmmm...) Suddenly, out of the dried filth emerges a small Hedorah. Godzilla grabs the reborn creature, breathes on it and destroys what is left of the Smog Monster. His work done and the world

saved, Godzilla lumbers off to rest until the next catastrophe.

## AND NOW... A WORD FROM OUR MONSTER

As you all certainly know by now, Mr. "G" writes a continuing column for *THE MONSTER TIMES*, and I was fortunate enough to catch him in a good mood down here at TMT Headquarters. Believe it or not, Toho Prints plans a sequel to *THE SMOG MONSTER*, sans Hedorah and involving a completely different pollutive pachyderm. There is no definite date for release yet, so we'll all just have to sit back and wait. Godzilla also mentioned that "Hedorah" in English means "pollution," and that *SMOG'S* producers give the monster that name to improve accusations that the film is far too removed from reality. "No danger of that now," said the SMOG talk fire breathing dinosaur.

Well, readers, we hope that is our unique way we have given you a clear picture of what you can expect from *GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER*. As a final enticement, it's worth mentioning that the film is currently making the rounds with AIP's *FRIGGS*, which features Ray Milland being game to death by a hoards of angry amphioxus, (but you read about that in last ad...).

Well, that's ecology for you, folks!

Hedorah's name is mud as he is reduced to a mound of muck when Dr. Yaso's electrode dispenser is activated by Godzilla's rays, causing current to penetrate the smog monster's body, thereby dehydrating it.

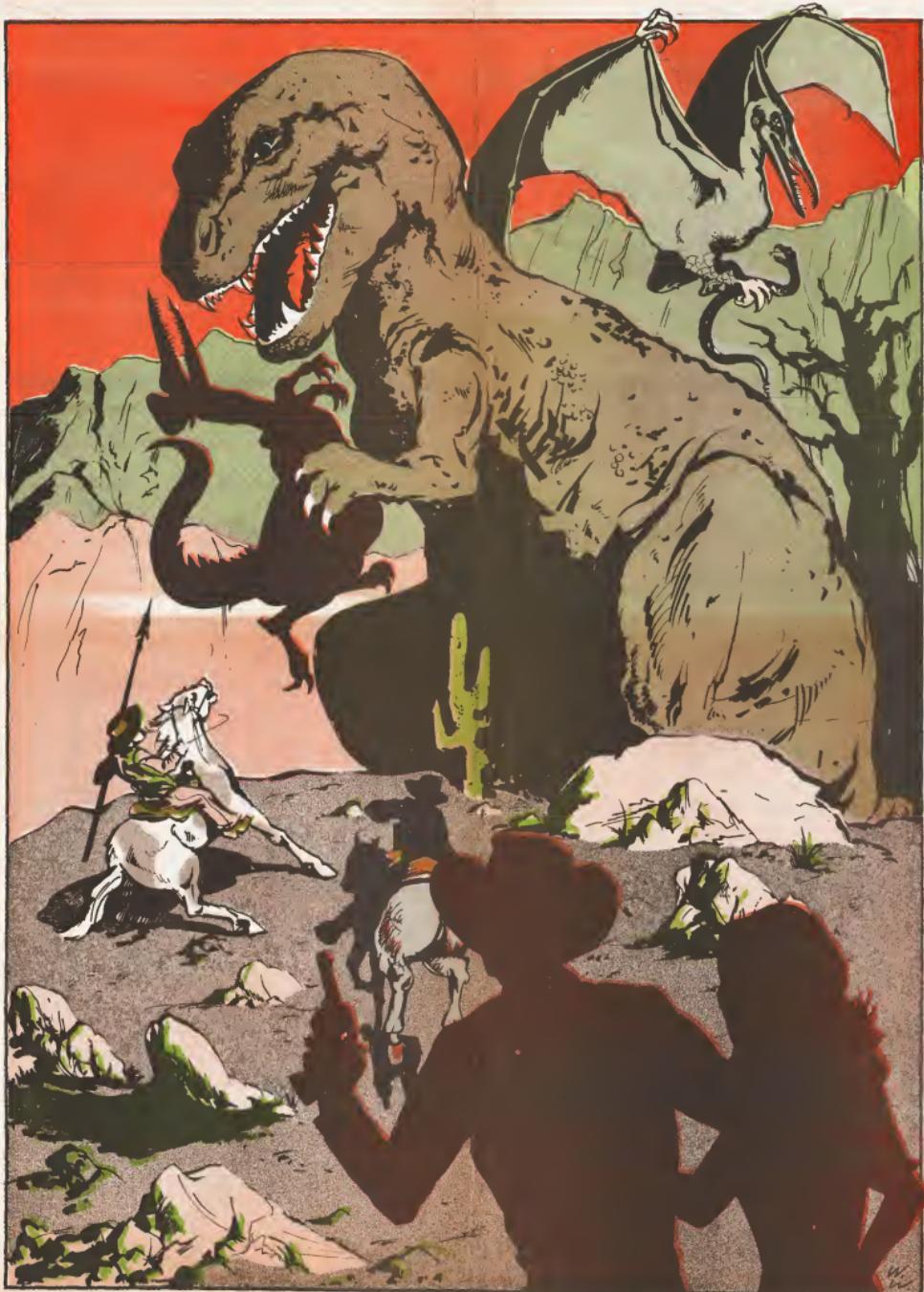


When the Smog Monster stops for a smoke, he usually lassoes his mouth to be forever smacked and gagged, not only to be bad for the lungs, but it is also reported to reduce road fatalities and promote decares of greediness.

is a product of man's ecological folly and may someday smell the earth to death.

## HEDORAH STINKS

Suddenly the monster bursts upon the populace in a dramatic attack on two paper-mache battleships in the harbor. The vessels are destroyed and photos of the creature show it to be a giant, animated mass of garbage. To feed its rapidly-growing body, the beast now takes to the land, inhaling the noxious smoke pouring from factories and spewing dangerous mud-balls all over the



The era of the pulps ended almost twenty years ago, yet the works of the great pulp writers continue to be enjoyed today by a whole new generation of readers. Such great pulp heroes as The Shadow, Doc Savage, The Avenger, The Spider and many others have been reprinted in paperbacks and are now receiving tremendous popular support all over again.

One of the most obscure of the writers, even in his day, was H.P. Lovecraft. He had fans, to be sure, but the group was quite small. He was all but forgotten when he died in 1937, his masterful tales of gore and horror lying dormant. Even when the pulp revival was started in the early 60's, Lovecraft was ignored. It was not until a half dozen years later that people re-discovered his writings. Today, due to this re-birth of Lovecraft fandom, his works have been adapted to fit every popular medium, and *TMT* correspondent Gary Brown reviews a brand new magazine on the horror master, entitled simply *HPL*.

From midnight dreams, oft credulous,  
Of indifferent Fates he speaks to us;  
Real terrors may spell our ultimate end.  
He makes us shudder with his pen.  
Prime mover of the Cthulhu cult,  
Lore of the cosmic to the occult  
On hints and glimpses he has brought.  
Veer only to peer into a vault.  
Eerie illusions he frequently weaves;  
Crypts must yawn as spirits leave,  
Bats beckon down from limitless heights,  
And things unnameable haunt the nights.  
From dead lines of this one so great  
Tales, like maggots, proliferate!

—Meade Friesen III

**V**ou have undoubtedly heard the name H.P. (Howard Phillips) Lovecraft mentioned more than once.

The clamor by underground artists (including Corben) is definitely not putrid. Neck stretching, maybe, but never cut-throat!



# WE LOVE YOU HPL!

BY GARY BROWN



Derry Frolch gives credence to the odd, fine-work怪獸's torso, "nausea optic."

lately. If you are not quite sure who or what he is, don't feel bad because you are far from being alone. The fact, however, proves that you should indeed take note of who he was and what he created.

Lovecraft (1890-1937) was a semi-obscure author who wrote for weird tales and many of the other pulp magazines which flooded the market in the 1920's and 30's. Lovecraft wrote of the unknown and of what it brings to those who fear it. The monsters he wrote of were the most gruesome and horrifying ever created. His stories were wrapped in a world of eerie mysticism and terror, unattested by any other author.

Although Lovecraft had a small, but devoted following while he was alive and writing, he was almost totally ignored and forgotten after his death and the eventual folding of the pulp market. It was not until the mid-1960's that the Lovecraft

mythos slowly began to be printed once again and his brilliance as a writer recognized. A whole new generation was finding out about H.P. Lovecraft.

Lovecraft has inspired numerous writers, had a rock group named after him, and his stories adapted into movies, television and comic books, and most of all his thrilled countless readers with his vivid writing.

In keeping with this revived interest in the works of Lovecraft, there is now a magazine out called *HPL*. It is a 144-page tribute to the writings and myths of H.P. Lovecraft. Published by Meade and Penny Friesen, the book contains an excellent

In case you don't dig distinctions in color, here's the black and white version of a Derry Frolch piece which informs the readers of *HPL* and *TMT's* first page.



black and white illustration done last year for *HPL*, answers the natural question: "Who's that parking in my window, who's that knocking at my door?"

Lovecraft perfectly. The crowning effort is Arnold's stunning back cover from "The Haunter of the Dark." It's enough to make you want to crawl under your blanket and never come out.

Besides spot illustrations throughout, there is a special 15-page center section of full-page drawings all based on Lovecraft writings.



"One more body and I'll have the whole set," says the Herb Arnold monster.

The nice thing about this book is that it will be useful to both the Lovecraft expert, as well as the young reader who wants to learn more about H.P.L. Marvelously put together and slickly printed, it is a book which comes highly recommended.

If reading about the mystical unknown, monsters and demons is your thing, then H.P. Lovecraft surely should be on your reading list. To supplement that, there is no better way to learn about Lovecraft than by seeing his works come to life through the eyes of others in *HPL*.

Derry Frolch penned this girth masterpiece.



NOTE: copies can be ordered for \$3 each from Meade and Penny Friesen, P.O. Box 9032, Crestline Heights, Birmingham, Alabama 35213.

Rock fans will remember that Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention once sang: "Cell any vegetable and the chances are good that the vegetable will respond to you." Well, Jim Wnoroski puts those uppity plants back in their place in the 1st part of his 2 part article on monsters of the garden variety.

Call out the marines...  
It's the NAVY VS.  
THE NIGHT MONSTERS and  
look who's warning  
And it's not even  
a man-eating plant....



Ever wonder why that mean little old lady next door religiously waters her peacock every night and day—well it's just possible they might not be peacock after all, but a much more deadly variety of plant life. For if we trace the history of horrible plants that have appeared over the years in fantasy films, it's easy to see why the inanimate life creeps on the ground may be the most terrible type of all...

For sheer thrilling action-adventure, Howard Hawks' *THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD* is perhaps the best interpretation of intelligent plant life ever portrayed on the screen. Coming to earth in a flying saucer, no doubt fashioned in the shape of an onion, *The Thing* went on to entertain and almost dominate an entire

group of scientific Arctic explorers. With the power to grow back an arm or leg in seconds, the being was almost a super-ego-man that could not be killed with a gun—since, as one of the scientists puts it, it would be just like drilling small holes in the leaf of a tree.

The Thing, as portrayed by Gunnarsson veteran James Arness, was fought and finally destroyed with electricity by a bevy of Hollywood's most famous characters ever, including Ken Tobey, Douglas Spencer, and Robert Cootehouse. And aside from being one of the finest examples of vegetable horror, the film is considered by most critics to be one of the best science-fiction motion pictures ever produced.

Vegetable monster remains on ice in this early scene from the Howard Hawks classic, *THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD*—one of the few films to take the plant monster premise seriously and one of the best sci-fi flicks ever made.

So now in reverse order, we must go from the sublime to the utterly ridiculous in probably two of the worst plant movies ever filmed, *NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS* and *INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES*. Now although these two monstrous mishaps were produced almost 5 years apart, they still have a wealth of things in common with each other.

Finally, both were obviously written by kinda of kindergartner drop-out intelligence since the plot lines have the same well-thought-out hardened structure as a bowl of cold Franco-American spaghetti.

Secondly, both films are well

populated with memorable but slightly over the top pin-up girls—with the likes of Mansie Van Doren in the former and Andrae Kay and Shelley Stevens in the latter. Nice to look at... yes, but on a garage calendar, not in a horror film.

Tidily and gratifyingly last in the "gross" expense the producers went though to give their pictures scientific detail. For instance, *NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS* had a ridiculous looking tentacled plant constantly trying to pull the hideous off of Ms. Van Doren, while *STAR CREATURES* had two gongs dressed in green flannel "plant men" suits constantly trying to pull the wool over the audience's eyes. But the most they could do was evoke a latent sense of perverted sympathy by making laughable growling sounds, picking up

"Take me to your leader! On second thought . . ."

paper-mache boulders, and—horror of all horrors—having the nerve to stand around quietly while the producers spewed in stock footage from *ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER*. Has ever a more serious sample been committed? We think not!

Getting back to a better treatment of our green-leaved garden friends, action-adventure director Don Siegel, who just recently completed the tremendously successful *DIRTY HARRY*, turned out one of the most famous of all giant stories in 1956 with his version of author Jack Finney's *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*.

#### TAKE THE BODY AND RUN

Even without the presence of my guns or monsters, the film no doubt injected more terror into unsuspecting audiences than any other sci-fi fright film to that date. For here the main ingredients are the human reactions to the loss of emotion—their ability to laugh, cry, make love, or enjoy a glass of cold beer on a hot day. Pretty frightening, eh? Well that's what strange unearthly seed pods were doing to the population of a small suburban town. One by one the people were taken over by the mind-dislocating plants until only one man was left to "stem" the tide of ever increasing horror as the pods moved ahead with plans to silently infect the entire world with their strange malady.

Done with a minimum of special effects, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* relied more on direction and taut plot structure for its audience appeal; and as such deeply affected a much larger and sophisticated contingent of American moviegoers—just you the dyed-in-the-wool teenage horror flick crowd.

Today, almost sixteen years since the flick was first seen, it still commands one of the highest of all social fees and is continually being re-run on television to the tune of consistently high ratings.

So you can see from just these few films mentioned that plants can be quite vicious when they get starring roles. Yet sometimes, in certain special cases, they have also accepted character parts as well. As in the classic *WEREWOLF OF LONDON* where Henry Hull travels to Tibet to find the m��e every time the



Is this the *Corset That Conquered the World?* This dung from Venus appeared in an AIP 1956 production called *IT CONQUERED THE WORLD* but, despite its size, all it actually accompanied was a small tree, and it couldn't even hold onto that for very long.

One good thing about plant monsters is that they're not exactly bright. Here a group of confused Triffids grope in bewilderment at a simple deserted fence in this version of John Wyndham's classic, *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*.



moon is full.

And surely we must not forget the very rare silent horror film made in 1914, *BLACK ORCHIDS*, where the title is the only place that plant life appears.

Then there was 1964's *MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE*, in which a deadly little Martian spore was originally signed for a brief "goat" part. The director was so impressed with the germ's performance, however, that he let the spore kill off half the human crew before the end of the third reel, with the cephalopod going on to become the main attraction in the film's running finale. Unfortunately, the growth became typical in his role and so sadly was relegated to just playing shrubs and tumbleweeds in grade B westerns. He is now, however, awaiting a triumphant comeback as producer Andy *SON OF MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE* for release sometime in the near future.

Speaking of a *SON OF . . .*, English director Freddie Francis is probably one of the worst offenders when it comes to re-working countless old, tired, and hackneyed plots into new, tired, and hackneyed films—and his 1961 anthology *DOCTOR TEPPOR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS* is no exception to the rule. The only reason we dredge it up here is because a plant story is embodied (or should be disseminated) in the feature.

#### TRIFFIDS TAKE OVER

In essence, producer-writer Nelson Sobolik had fan filling sections from John Wyndham's classic novel of vegetable horror, *THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*, and then passing it off as his own effort. Then with all the slick figure acting and first grade primeval dialogue, it's no wonder audiences everywhere have begun rooting for the vile vines rather than the heroic humans.

One would expect this to be the height of mediocrity for anyone involved, but Messrs. Francis and Sobolik were not to be outdone in poor taste as three years later they were back on the scene with the wonderfully insatiable *TORTURE GARDEN*. The time the gennack designed to lure crowds was a package of "torture seeds" given away to each theater patron as they bought their tickets. On the cover of each packet a glaring announcement proclaimed: "Warning: you plant these torture seeds at your own risk. What may grow . . . we just don't know!" Well our *MONSTER TIMES* product issues were brave enough to dare the deadly statement and can attest with no small amount of certainty that the seeds didn't amount to a row of beans—and neither, of course, did the film.

Returning again for a moment to serious plant motion pictures in the fantasy genre, the most obvious title to "crop" up would have to be the 1963 British shocker *THE DAY OF THE TRUFFIDS*, which is based on English sci-fi author John Wyndham's well-selling 1951 novel of the same name. And although an excellent story in book form, the film failed in many ways to equal the printed page's high standard.

Obviously hampered by a low budget, screenwriter-novelist Philip Yordan had

importantly, in the overly quick wrap-up of the story during the last reel. Without explanation, the hero's voice is heard talking over one dissolve after another—each showing elaborate special effect shots and camera set-ups. This would seem to imply that somewhere along the line the production got way from them, with the end result being a three-hour film of epic magnitude. Then the job of cutting it down again to the ever popular 90 minute "double-bill" running time was obviously put into the



A commanding naval officer works a 16 foot walking vine in *NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS*, one of the more forgettable plant pictures that was already put to the TMF index book in issue No. 11.

to delete many of the book's finer details leaving only a skeleton of the original plot. As a result the final cut of the film is a stronger engine than the Triffids themselves. For one thing the producers seem to have post-filmed several sequences on a lighthouse set where a couple discover a secret way of destroying the plants. These sections bear no relation to any character found in the main body of the film however—and were never mentioned or even hinted at in the literary version. Secondly, and most

hands of incompetents. Needless to say, what may have been one of the finest sci-fi efforts ever conceived is now only shown as a shadow of its former self—and that's too bad!

Well, that's all for now... but be sure to tune in next issue for Jim's wrap-up on Borodine's victorious vegetables. In the meantime, keep your weapons handy... you never know when some sly, sneaky plant will turn its treacherous tendrils on YOU!

Yet another woman-hunting plant managed the banans of *GAY OF THE TRUFFIDS*, the British film adaptation of the sci-fi novel. Didn't these monsters get enough to eat at home?



To the Editor...  
MONSTER TIMES...  
Box 595  
Old Chelsea Sta.,  
New York 10011

#### TMF: THE BLACK AND WHITE OF IT!

Dear MT Folk,  
THE MONSTER TIMES is the best known fanzine for us around. It beats C.O.F. which doesn't honor their subscribers or publish on a schedule that's worse than the L.I.R.R. time table and that's pretty bad.

There are a few things I would like to see in MT. How about doing more articles on recent releases as well as future ones. Most reviews of recent films also would be very nice, this way I wouldn't get stuck seeing some of the hoard movies I have seen. Also it makes for good reference on directors when comparing films. I had some of the articles in MT, but I don't think you still have them. I think it's over. Two examples of this are the articles on *The Living Dead* and *The Navy vs. The Night Monsters*. They would have been much better if you would have had a little more meat on them. While I'm on the subject how about a nice in-depth article on *Night of the Living Dead*. Also how about some behind the scenes looks at movies both old and new. I would like to see some interviews in MT with various directors, stars, and writers, in the fantasy field.

The biggest complaint I have with you is that as well as the other fanzines out there you are too LILY WHITE. Nothinks in your pages have I yet to see an article with a black person, or for that matter with any person of a minority group in it. I realize that not many if any fantasy movies have a minority group person as its star or co-star, but what is the reason for not having one in one of your comic strips? Are you afraid that sales will drop when word gets "round" that MT has a minority group person starring in one of its comic? Let's remember that WHITES aren't the only

people in the U.S.

Peace,  
Mark Otter

Your request for more recent reviews of horror films will soon be granted. In addition to the recent reviews of *BEN THORNE* we will soon have *HAIR*, *MAN-EVAN*, and will soon be commissioning a column on new horror films. Interviews with many of the stars in the fantasy field will also be coming up very soon, as well as a long feature on *THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* (we ran a short piece about it in issue number 6). See all you have to do is ask.

As far as your castigation of us on the matter of lack of minority groups, we plead not guilty. It isn't our fault that heroic film makers do not feature blacks, and we cannot put blacks or minorities where we want them. As far as our comic strips, well, it never really mattered to us whether our heroes were black or white. We just left it up to the artist and whatever he drew we accepted. And, since you ask, articles which featured blacks appeared in issues one, six, nine and ten. We have a feature on *BLACULA* upcoming in this issue and a feature on blacks in comics upcoming soon. And check out issue four where we chided

southern distributors for not carrying issues of *GREEN LANTERN* and *GREEN ARROW* comics because they featured blacks. And for further proof, look at our masthead. There's a **WASF** on the staff. And that's discrimination.

#### RADER REVIEWS

Dear Monster Times,

Some sort of congratulations are in order since I had thoughts about the quality of MT when I first heard of it and remembered some of the other, ah, publications that I used to come across. It is the quality of MT as far as has been pleasing to all fantasy fans looking for a (some) serious fans looking for their interest areas. Keep it up!

I send with dashed Jim Whomick's article on the lumber state of Christopher Lee's new *Dracula*. At Necrosavas I heard him describe it to an eager gathering and could not wait to see what sounded like certain classic in the American theater. Now this... It seems as if Dracula has run into something that would horrify even him. The United States court system and I'm sure all Lee fans are amazed and will watch for further developments at the basic (meantwhile, how about some great pictures of Lee in the Hammer movies?)

Your article on TV *Spaceman of the 50's* omitted a show called "Satellite Police" which was shown in the Philadelphia area (I'm not sure where else) and starred Ed Kemmer as Buzz Cory. He had a ship named the *Troy 5*, a cadet friend named Happy and fought a crystalline menace called Morax. Others I've asked whether they had seen the show come up with blank looks. Do you have any remembrance of it?

Looking forward to the music containing stuff on *Day of the Earth Stand Still*, one of the greatest films ever made, and more info on new films and old classics. How about more on individual Star Trek episodes and other faves?

Lots long and prosper,  
Mark Rader  
Southhampton, Penna

We've never heard of "Satellite Police." Manha, but we'll see what we can dig up. As far as the new *Clash* Lee *Dracula* that is still starting in the general system with no apparent release date

#### MAKE HIS JAPANESE!

Dear Sirs,

I love THE MONSTER TIMES and I think it is the best monster magazine in the world. I am 12 years old and I am a Japanese monster lover. Godzilla was my favorite Japanese goliath, amazeballs, and Gamera was my brother's favorite. THE MONSTER TIMES No. 1 was a favorite of Godzilla. I hope you can print an article on Japanese monsters battling Godzilla, the three-headed monster is the movie called DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. It had eight monsters named Godzilla, Son of Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, Spoga, Wanda, Unagila, and Gorgosaurus who all team up against Godzilla. Please, can you also print an article on Gamera vs. Monster X for a brother. Hope you have best luck with THE MONSTER TIMES.

Shu Fa

N.Y.C.N.Y.

Glad you like us, Shu and not assured that we'll get to all the Japanese monsters eventually. We may even be starting a series on them soon, but there are so many we hardly know where to start!

Send us so many letters, postcards, boosts, detractions, bomb threats, etc. that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a **bulldozer** Address all correspondence to THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011

Over the years we've had animal monsters, vegetable monsters, mineral monsters, elderly monsters, teenage monsters, lady monsters, alien monsters, even hippie monsters... more monsters, in fact, than you could shake a crooked stick at. But you know what we haven't had? That's right... a BLACK monster. Well, all that's changed now as American-International is getting set to release the first black monster—a vampire, no less—who goes by the name of (uh-oh!) BLACULA, and whose anti-social antics should raise an existential ask from the lumpy throats of even the most horror-hardened fan...

The history of blacks in the horror films has been, unsurprisingly enough, a pretty ignominious one. Usually they were depicted as the voodoo-based slaves of some Islamic Fiend or as wide-eyed "comic" reliefs, a la Charlie Chan's sidekick Birmingham Brown or the East Side Kids' "Sunshine Sammy" Morrison, shaking in fear before imaginary terrors and shouting, "Fists don't desert me now, or mab body's gwine to be abused!" Occasionally a black actor would find himself cast in a fairly decent role (Harry Belafonte in *THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL*, Earl Lee in Arch Oboler's *FIVE*, for example), but these were definitely the exceptions to Hollywood's racist rule. Only in George Romero's independent, Pittsburgh-based production of *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* did a black actor (Duane Jones) get to play the "hero" in a horror film.

With the recent rash of black films being released and scoring big boxoffice dividends, it was inevitable that a black horror film be produced. Already we have seen a surge of black films of other genres: black westerns (*BUCK AND THE PREACHER*, *THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLEY*, *SOUL SOLDIER*), detective films (*SHAF*, *SHAF'S BIG SCORE*, *COTTON COMES TO HARLEM*, *COME BACK CHARLESTON BLUE*, Sidney Poitier's *Virgin Tribe* movies), documentaries (*BLACK RODEO*, *SOUL TO SOUL*), comedies (*WATERMELON MAN*), protest films (*SWEET SWEETBACK*, *THE FINAL*

"I may not have any regards for my soul, but I do have a stake in my heart!"

# BLACULA

by Joe Kand

*COMEDOWN*), so it was no surprise that a black horror film would finally hit the market. The black westerns in particular have been long overdue, since it's been

COMEDOWN), so it was no surprise that a black horror film would finally hit the market. The black westerns in particular have been long overdue, since it's been



Dr. Thomas (Thelma Ritter) confronts a man in a suit in a scene from *BLACULA*. Who and how men aren't relevant?

Veteran character actor Eliot Cook Jr. returns to the screen... but not for long, as he plays a morose attorney who gets the kiss of death from Katty Lester.



estimated that roughly 30% of the real cowboys were, in fact, black. Actually, a few black Grade B westerns were produced on shoestring budgets as far back as the late '30s and early '40s, but, with titles like *BRONZE BUCKAROOS* and *HARLEM RIDES THE RANGE*, it was obvious that these were not designed to make serious statements about the role that blacks played in the "winning" of the West.

Many of the recent black films have been written and/or directed by blacks (Christopher St. John's *TOP OF THE HEAP*, Gordon Parks' *SHAF*, Melvin Van Peebles' *SWEET SWEETBACK* and *WATERMELON MAN*, Poitier's *BUCK AND THE PREACHER*, among others) and *BLACULA* too shares this distinction. The film is yet another product of the prolific American-International (who else?) film factory and it is careful, by the way to balance "good" blacks with

"bad" blacks to avoid the pitfall of casting blacks in the roles of the monsters—in this case, vampires alone. We've already seen a Puerto Rican monster in a recent film called *THE POSSESSION OF JOEL ORLANEY*, during the course of which the sly soul of a psychotic Puerto Rican decapitator infiltrates the mind of an otherwise untempering honkie. Hopefully, *BLACULA* will be a better film than *JOEL ORLANEY*, which was just plain offensive, dumb, and shrill as a week-long T-group esebunier.

## ... AND DRACULA BEGAT BLACULA ...

*BLACULA* opens with the real Dracula (Charles Macaulay) putting the curse of vampirism on an African Prince named Mamuwalde and his wife Luva (played by



Blacula seems to be having trouble straightening out his hand as in this otherwise macabre scene from the first black horror film ever. It won't be the last, however... something called *BLACKSTEIN* is already on the way. What next, *API: CURSE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE* maybe?

William Marshall and Vonetta McGee respectively) way back in 1915... which sounds like a pretty likely way for the Count to spend his African vacation at that. Why

## A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM (BLACULA) MARSHALL

BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

William Marshall, a distinguished Shakespearean actor, has had a long and varied career. I remember him mostly for his role of Glycon, the Nemean King and friend of Victor Mature, in the spectacular sequel to *THE ROSE, DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS*, and for his Othello, which he has performed in both straight Elizabethan style and in an unorthodox Rhythm's Blues version. Marshall has a direct, easygoing manner and has a lot he wants to say... a part of which is said below.

TM: How does an actor with such a distinguished background prepare for his first vampire role?

were the African Prince and Princess cursed with the dread affliction? Because, according to scriptwriters Jose Torres and Raymond Koenig, they were upset enough to ask the visiting Prince of Darkness to sign a petition calling for the abolition of slavery! Apparently, the Undead One's social conscience isn't worth the warped mind it's buried in and Dracula seems as anxious as anyone to keep the African upstarts in their place.

Through the usual plot machinations, however, BLACULA (new Mamuwalde) and his spouse are revived, the better they might run amok through the streets of Los Angeles, a city, like Tokyo and New York, that has over the years witnessed more than its share of unseemly urban problems. To put a little lowbrow contemporary icing on the "epic" cake, the film has BLACULA being accidentally resurrected by an unwitting pair of gay interior decorators (Rick Metzler and Ted Harris) who are quickly initiated into the fearful fraternity of the Undead. As the film flies on, Blacu seeks to recruit still more members, including a number of blacks, in an admirable attempt to integrate previously pale white ranks of Vampyromania.

In pursuit of the bloodthirsty BLACULA are black doctor Gordon Thomas (Thalmus Rasulala, last seen in COOL BREEZE where, you might remember, he hit The Man where it hurt—in the diamonds) and white homicide detective Jack Peters (Gordon Pinson). BLACULA leads them on a chaotic chase in and around the City of Smog until he finally falls prey to the usual drastic fate. To tell you more about the details of the film would be unfair, we think, as we might very well ruin it for you. And since AIP does that chose so well themselves, we'd just as soon leave it to them.

#### COOK COMES BACK!

Suffice it to say that BLACULA packs a lot of bloodletting and suspense into its 92 minutes and, if the film does well at the boxoffice, we can expect countless sequels and variations on the integrated horror film. BLACULA, for those who

care, also marks the return of veteran character actor Elisha Cook, Jr. to the screen. Elisha, who's been bumped off in an imaginative variety of ways in horror films like VOODOO ISLAND and the BLACK ZOO and in gangster flicks such as THE MALTESE FALCON and Stanley Kubrick's THE KILLING, plays the part of a hook-handed monsieur attendant named Sam and is done

funky, Mr. Arkoff. Very funky indeed.

We at TMT haven't seen BLACULA yet and although a minor detail of this nature would

A devoted husband and good provider, BLACULA brings home the bacon after winning the encounter with a judicious love embrace.



in this time by the fatal bite of Juanita Jones (Ketty Lester)... a black lady cabdriver who's been transformed by Blacula into a plague-carrying member of the League of the Living Dead. Very

not normally stop us from praising or condoning the film "out of hand," this time we will hold fast and reserve our judgment until such time as we do see it. The Count Dracula Society has seen it, though, and according to them, "BLACULA is the most horrifying film of the decade" and they couldn't know from vampires, right? BLACULA, by the way, was filmed in Deluxe Color and directed by William Crain, with music composed and conducted by Gene Page.

BLACULA, the first black vampire, should be drawing his cape and baring his fangs any day now in theaters all throughout the country. The times they sure are a-changin', alright. We at TMT applaud this attempt at relevance and look forward to that day destined to dawn on the golden horizon that



BLACULA puts the bite on black and white folks in his efforts to integrate the ranks of the living dead previously populated by people with pale complections only.

will find every man, regardless of race, color, sex, creed, or national origin, being exploited equally. Until then . . .



Look in his BLACULA uniform, Marshall gives a toothy grin that is anything but friendly.

MARSHALL: Type-casting only hurts you if the people in your audience believe it. The people at my business know me, we're not typecast. In the news papers and portions of the public think, well, there are always a number of people who see you only in terms of one role. Some think of me only as Ossie.

TMT: I understand that you also teach.

MARSHALL: That's right. I teach drama in several universities around the country.

TMT: Do you believe in vampires and such stuff?

MARSHALL: I think that all people believe in something supernatural even if they don't want to admit it. We discussed this question on the set and it was amazing to find that a large number of people involved with the making of this picture believed that they would like to



Before playing BLACULA, Marshall was noted for his portrayal of Shakespeare's Othello. He is one of the few actors ever chosen to play Oedipus in the BBC production of GREEN PASTURES.

Be vampires end, is, in fact, identified with vampires. It is interesting to note that almost every civilization has had some legend about these creatures. I think there must be some basis for the legend. What has been your favorite

#### role in films or theater?

MARSHALL: I must enjoyed the part of Henri Christophe, the first president of Haiti. I have done it on stage and would like to make a movie of his life based on the stage production. I know that one such picture is being made now, but with a different cast. I would like to do it again playing the lead. I think the entertainment field has reached a point where producers and directors should let blacks play blacks and whites play whites. There are plenty of talented ethnic actors around being put out of work by the ridiculous. This has got to stop. It's ridiculous.

TMT: Was making BLACULA an enjoyable experience?

MARSHALL: We had a lot of fun with it. However, I must admit it is a big mistake to do a movie in a place like this sort of place one wants to spend too much time. If it's not absolutely necessary, it's a bit gory even for an actor vampire. You can't help but realize as you lie there that someday . . . that's going to happen.

TMT: Well, it's been a pleasure meeting you and I'm looking forward to seeing BLACULA.

MARSHALL: So am I. All I have seen of it so far is the first few minutes of the rushes. We have been busy since the shooting stopped on the film that I never got to see it fully edited!



# the Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previewing, goss-floates ferreted out by BILL FERET, *Monsterdom's* answer to Ross Barnett. Bill is a show-biz-a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's *TELETYPE* lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flick & ectem when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fiend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! *Ghoulsotter, gang!*

**D**ennis Patrick, recently of the Broadway bomb, *CHILDREN, CHILDREN*, takes the starring role in soon-to-be-released *GEAR, DEAD OR LILIAH*. The inimitable Agnes Moorhead costars.

Clayco Productions, also new, opens with the suspense film *THE LOST WORLD OF LIBRA*.

Max Von Sydow has been cast in the role of Father Martin in the Warner Bros. filmation of William Peter Blatty's best-selling *exorcist*, *THE EXORCIST*. Max, always in top form, should do justice to this classic of Satanic possession. Filming starts soon in Washington.

The Grand Prix award at the 1972 Melbourne, Australia Film Festival went to the 12 minute Belgian short entitled *SCARABUS*. "For the intensity of its fusion of macabre wit and normal horror." If it's ever shown as a trailer, be sure to catch it... (Let's Scarabus to death! ... *fa ba!*)

Carroll "Bloody-Doll" Baker will star in a Spanish production entitled *SILENT HORROR*. (Couldn't be her performance maybe?)

It's time for Fred to pack up a script again as he prepares for his encounter with the Master from Hell. But don't worry, chowes, we've seen a preview of the script, and it's...

Hammer films, though now producing a string of comedies, will continue the Terrorism with *FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL*. (Let's

This seems to be the year of the Jekyll. Not only are we to be treated to the muckatolization (planned) for the Times T.V. Special starring Kirk Douglas, but DOG AND BISBY HYDE are running



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Freddie March and Freddie Marshall) take a long, hard look at each other in a scene from the 1952 classic.

hope there will be a little change, that doesn't quite sound like it's up to Hammer's parl and still another Oscara-ruer.

amok across the U.S., and we're to be confronted with yet another member of the clan with Heraldic Production's *THE NIECE OF OR. JEKYLL*. Some previous relations have been *THE SON OF MR. HYDE* with Louis Hayward and *THE DAUGHTER OF OR. JEKYLL* with Gloria Talbott. Looks like there'll be no place to Hyde... much less Jekyll! (In Public?)

Another Italo production will be *Carlo Porti's NEST OF VIPERS* with John Marley (currently starring in *THE DEAD ARE ALIVE*), Chris Mitcham (soon to be starring in *BIG FOOTY*) and Louis Hayward (star of the old *SON OF MR. HYDE* (again?))

There's an MGM production of *BLOOD SONG*, Dick Riebe will replace

A newly formed company called Camera Two Productions has on the docket as their first film a little horror number titled *THE SILENT SHERIFF*. Filming will take place entirely in Dallas. Perhaps "Deep in the Heart of Texas" will take on a new connotation.

The unlikely couple of master-musician Stephen Sondheim and actor Anthony Perkins have collaborated on a screenplay to be filmed by Warner's called *THE LAST OF SHEILA*. Location shooting on the thriller starts in France in September.

Hal Wallis and Universal have acquired rights to the Bill Brandini novel, *PANIC*. Robert Bloch will write the screenplay from his own novel *NIGHT WORLD*. MGM will produce.

*SILENT RUNNING*'s producer, Douglas Trumbull will take the helm again on the sci-fi epic *PYRAMID*.

Richard Matheson, who wrote the classic *NIGHT WALKER* for ABC's *Movie of the Week*, will pen another, utilizing the same stars and production staff, it's called *TIME KILLER* and deals with a woman 120 years old.

ABC's renewed series, *THE SIXTH SENSE* will have Joan Crawford in a guest starring role in an episode written especially for her entitled *GEAR JOAN, WE'RE GOING TO SCARE YOU TO DEATH*.

Seems there are Film Festivals abounding.

At the *Stages* (It's Fantastic & Terror Festival, to be held in Spain in October), some of the entries already registered are, For the U.S., *Barn I. Gordon's NECROMANCY* and *Curse House's SWEET KILL*, from Britain comes *DOOMWATCH* and Japan adds



## CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Sept. 14	LA CON 30th World SF Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no date constant con- vention	The biggest & one of the year with most of writers in attendance and readers.
Nov. 24-26	FANTASY FILM FAN FEST PO Box 74566 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 at door \$12 at table	72 hours of fantasy like, Ray Bradbury, DC Fontana, Bob Bloch
Nov. 26-26	Creature '72 16 East Second St. Prospect, N.Y. 11520	Statler Hotel New York, New York	\$3 in advance \$2 for 3 days \$2 a day at door	SF, comics, films, audience professional guests
Oct. 19-22	Triple Fan Fair and Sci-Fi Trade Con 14855 Area Aiken Park, Mich. 48101	Detroit Hilton Detroit, Michigan	\$6 at the door	Combined comic and Sci-Fi Con Debuts from both fields, dealers, SF, and horror movies, cartoons,

**T**he CON-CALENDAR is a spaced-outness feature of *THE MONSTER TIMES*. Across the year, lists of events and other gatherings of the monster crowd. The gatherings called "conventions" and the events, called "fans", deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this real-blaster reader service.

To the readers who've never been to one of these fan-bred affairs, we recommend it.

Organization of most events put down, done by stating that they're just a bunch of carentants and science fiction writers and comic book writers, and writers, and singers, and people for free who, like maniacs, spend sum on out-of-date comic, science fiction prints, and monster movie stills. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of ghouly pictures of Dracula, King Kong, or a 1943 copy of *Horror Comics* (Ghoul Hera, Ghouly why?

or if you want to see the classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movies, or rock out to some rock and roll writers, or just go to meet the monster or comic science fiction freaks, like yourself, and have you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable deceased human who brings out *THE MONSTER TIMES*, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. It's darned yea!

*GOOZILLA VS. GIGAN* and *THE VAMPIRE DOLL*.

Then set for July is the Festival of Science-Fiction Films in Trieste. Some U.S. entries... *SILENT RUNNING*... *THE BROTHERHOOD OF SATAN*... AND THEN THEY FORGOT GOD... *JAYWALKER*... IT'S YOUR TURN... *WINDFALL*... *FROM SPACE* and *CURIOS ALICE*.

Coming soon *SYNCHRONY* and from France *SUNS OF EASTER ISLAND*. Other titles (you know)... *THE GIRL ON THE BROOM* from Czechoslovakia... *Hungarian MISSION SILVER MONKEY*... Bulgaria's *THE MESSENGER OF THE STARS* and from Yugoslavia *VOYAGE 345* and *HOME AGAIN*.

AND STILL MORE... from Japan *THE VAMPIRE THAT COMES FROM SPACE* and a British biography of ARTHUR C. CLARKE as well as a Swiss *STOP IS...*, where *Paravent* will be relating the murderous a *SEPARATE PLACE* at September.

Shocking Vincent Price is going places again. This time he makes the journey from THE HAUNTED PALACE to THEATRE OF BLOOD.



Vincent Price, our contemporary Karloff, again dans the Max Factor for his role in THEATRE OF BLOOD for Crown Film. The role calls for an actor

to do away with all the critics who have panned his performances, and we all know the Price is right... for the role, I mean.

Actor-actor Steve Alvaro star STANLEY is the name of the sinister stake.

Other plots being tested on Spanish soil are THERE'S NO LAW IN HELL with super-villains Henry Silva and Adolfo Cell starred along with Sylva Koscina and Woody Strode... as well as... a Peter Cushing starrer called THE INFERNAL TOOL with marvelously macabre Jack Palance, co-starred if Diana Dors, thrown in for... er... culture.

There's a new Rich destination for oblivion with the delicious title WOMEN OF CANNIBAL ISLAND. Hmmm... that'll work off an appetite.

David Frost's production company, Paradise, will be filming THIS HOUSE AT WORLD'S END from a script by Bryan Forbes and the excellent sci-fi novel THE LONG LOUD SILENCE.

THE MAN WITH THE TRANSPLANTED BRAIN was one of the entries shown at the San Sebastian Film Festival in Spain.

Very lovely Karin Schubert will be the very achy in WOLF WOMAN. The Italian production stars shooting in August. Ral Valente co-stars.

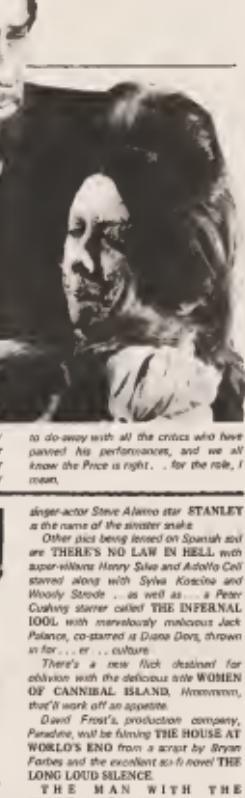
And finally there's to be a br documentary on Adam Taffner's best seller, FUTURE SHOCK with narration by Orson Welles. The prospects for the future will be dinner than ever.



## STANLEY

WILL MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL

RATSI It wasn't enough that WILLARD and BEN elevated rodents into the Horror Hall of Fame—now snakes are getting into the act in Crown International's STANLEY. Chris Robinson (actor & make-up master who designed the BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE for Filmgroup back in '58) and



"I'm sorry, but all we've got in your price range is a back issue of THE MONSTER TIMES..."

### "COMIC FANS"

If you collect comic books, you must read THE COMIC COLLECTOR. This is the world's leading magazine devoted to this hobby. Each issue contains reviews and news from comic book stores all over the country offering thousands of series for sale & trade, and you can get it for 50¢ a copy. If you are located for back issues, this is the place. Each issue (which runs about 75 pages) also contains articles, news and reviews of comic books all pertaining to this hobby. Here is your chance to buy & swap, and meet with other people who share your interests. Send \$1.00 for a single copy or \$7.00 for a 4-issue subscription for only \$3.00 or 8 issues for \$5.00. Or send \$7.00 for a 12-issue subscription for only \$1.00. GOLDEN AGE, P.O. 2, THE SFCA, DEPT. MS, 9875 SW 212 ST., MIAMI, FLA. 33167.

### MOVIE POSTERS

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### THE COMIC READER

Comic Art's monthly newsmagazine! THE story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters. With features by Mortimer Timmers! Brancatelli, Isabella & Lewitz. 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 393 East 58 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

## MOVIE STAR NEWS

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Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Boris Wrightson

## Badtime Stories

Baneous Boris Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book: BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know breathing Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorical creepish, circus of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomsday demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meantime of whales, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound stick paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Boris's weirdly-wrought, Wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8½" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it to THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Neigh-oh! Wrightson's writing is weirdly wonderful, while my artwork for his wonderful wacky! RUSH \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 for BADTIME STORIES + \$5.00 per copy plus \$0.50 postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to

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# MOMO THE MONSTER!

R. Allen Leider

Look out, there's a monster coming! So say several inhabitants of the small town of Louisiana, Missouri, at any rate, and reports of these "UHB" (Unidentified Hairy Beast) sightings have been so numerous that even cynical newsmen are taking the situation seriously. And if the townspersons are being carried away by their imaginations, well... it's better than being carried away by the hairy monster, at least.

The most recent in a series of UHB (Unidentified Hairy Beast) sightings which started as far back as the 1880's (in Europe) occurred recently in the small southern town of Louisiana, Mo.

About 11 miles southeast of Bowling Green, Missouri, a young pregnant housewife stood aghast in front of a small, two-story frame house. She refused to give her name. "We're church-going people," she said. "We got no need to be. I'm not crazy and I'm not afraid of those who'll say I am, I know what I saw."

She said she had been washing the dishes the night of July 22nd and smelled "something dead." She said she went outside where she saw two balls of fire and thought one of them landed in the cow pasture. "Then we heard grunts and like a jerseys," she said. "We've got coyotes around here and I've heard wild hogs—but never anything like that."

One man who thinks he might know what is haunting Marmal Hill is Hayden C. Howes, founder of the International Unidentified Flying Object (UFO) Bureau based in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Howes and an assistant camped out one night on the hill hoping to record the grunts of "Momo." The next morning he said, "we did not see or smell or hear anything. But from the several reports, it's apparent that something had been sighted."

The hairy biped is said to have a large pumpkin-shaped head, glowing orange eyes and an ape-like growth of hair. It walks upright, has clawed hands and arms that reach the knees and the intelligence of a chimpanzee. According to Howes, hairy bipeds emit an odor like sulphur and react violently if disturbed by humans. He added that "Momo" is not a big, if might be a troglodyte. A troglodyte is an ancient cave-dwelling creature which some believe is the missing link. Howes said the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas is said to be a troglodyte.

At 3:30 p.m. on July 11th, Terry Harrison, 8, was playing in the backyard of his home when he spotted "a big, hairy thing with a dog under its arm."

Terry ran to the house and bolted for his sister, Diane, 10. Diane looked out the window and saw "a tall, black hairy thing standing in the ditch." She then proceeded to lock the doors and

call her mother. Her father arrived home and found neither hide nor hair of the monster. But he said that the girl was beaten down where the creature supposedly had been and that there were some faint footprints in the dust with black bags around them.

Since then this quiet Mississippi River town of 4,000 has been alive with reports of the "Monster On Marmal Hill."

## GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!

"There's 12 of us left when we're not moving east or west, tell you the truth in the next yard," Harrison reported. "Two mommies have twin school. One was born last other given, both about a foot in diameter. Then there was a... a... a... glowing sound getting louder and louder, closer and closer. My family jumped into the car and began urging me to drive off," he said.

Harrison, who worked for 21 years for the city's Board of Public Works, said his wife and daughter have moved out of the house and told him, "we are not coming back." The city has declared Marmal Hill "off limits" because of the swamers and trigger-happy monster hunters who have flocked to the heavily wooded hill.

"I went up in the hollow looking for him and found these big tracks," Harrison said, movement at one point. "Now the tracks have four toes and a heel and the things were real big, about the size of bear tracks. It could be a bear." Harrison went on, "but the kid said it ran on two feet and he saw it run on four. I think it might be a huge ape. Some woman showed me a magazine that had pictures of tracks of a huge ape that was loose near here a while ago. The tracks look a lot like the ones I found."

## FISHERMAN SIGHTS BIG BLACK THING

Ellie Minor is a fisherman who spends summers in his cabin on the river.

About 8:30 p.m. on July 21st, he was sitting in front of his house door while the rest of his family attended a fair in nearby Pleasant Hill. "My white bird dog started to growl," Minor reported. "And I shone a light, right there about 20 feet up the road. It was standing there, hair black as coal. I couldn't put its eyes or face—it had hair mostly down to his chest. As soon as I threw the light on it, it whirled and took off likeaway. It's the final time I ever seen an ugly-looking thing like that. A person would be a dumb fool to try to catch that ugly thing," the fisherman opined. "He's absolutely the dimmest-looking thing I've ever seen in my life."

Spaceman Troglodyte, Age or whatever, Momo is currently big news and it is anyone's guess as to the true nature of the creature. The question being asked now is: Will they capture Momo and solve the century old mystery this time?

As TMT goes to press, the question about this hairy humanoid remains unanswered.



Our most makeup man's workbench, cluttered with the accoutrements of that patient profession. And think: A little practice, persistence, and Karo syrup, and suddenly it could all be yours.



Continued from page 11

teeth for all thirty of them, so we settled on a mixture of blue, red and yellow food color used as a mouthwash. Voila! It's one of the most horrifying things in the

film! Fly around with some of these things: Food color, flour and water, karo syrup and kleenex, black eye-liner, even lipstick! And always remember your goal: To match the Actor's face in front of you with the Nightmare image in your head: When these two come together, you'll have your MONSTERPIECE!

**CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS** is slated for a New York release at just about the same time this issue hits the stands. From what we've seen so far, **CHILDREN** may be giving **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, another independent fright film production, a real run for its blood money. At any rate, we'll have a review of the adventures of Dr. Drayby's orges next issue. Stay tuned... Ed.



"The family that plays together, stays together." This family portrait from the film's pressbook depicts Alvin Firth (as Dr. Drayby), his wife Aspa (as Dorothy), his son, and his daughter spending a quiet evening at the NEIGHBORHOOD CEMETERY.

Maybe he ain't no Mr. Wizard, but Uncle Freddy's been hard at work on a new product that should tickle the collective brain box of all those mad admen just dying to package and sell it. Unfortunately, Uncle Freddy seems to be running into some unforeseen problems. . .

# Uncle Freddy's NEW, IMPROVED, ENZYME ADDED, WASHDAY DETERGENT BLUES!







Tuck spots GWANGI and decides that the group must capture the mighty monster....



...As the cowboys try to figure out some way to subdue the rampaging beast....



...but GWANGI finds that he has still another enemy to face in the form of a Bronco-buster.



The battle is on. GWANGI seeks his monstrous match into his bellowing roar....



...and gets some unexpected help from Tuck who perceives the monster's natural enemy....



...before GWANGI delivers the finishing move. But his troubles are far from over....



...as the cowboys take advantage of the beast's terrible fugue and rope him....



...and the giant beast becomes their captive to be carted away in defeat.

## THE VALLEY OF GWANGI

Continued from page 3

As soon as he caught sight of the beast, Tuck rushed back to warn the others while Gwangi followed in swift pursuit. He found the professor studying the remains of the late pterodactyl.

"C'mon, Bronley," said Tuck in a breathless shout, "we've got to get out of here!"

### FEET DON'T DESERT US NOW!

"Don't be silly, Tuck," came Bronley's immediately calm reply. "I've got to make notes on this animal."

Tuck saw Gwangi gaining ground behind him and hastily told the engorged egotist, "Okay, prof, have it your way."

When the professor noticed the enormous, activating creature, he changed his mind and jumped on back of Tuck's horse in a manner more befitting a bolt of lightning than an elderly intellectual.

All turn tail for the high ground as the monster rages wildly through the valley. Soon the group spots another outlined



A loyal student attempts to fend off Gwangi's attack, but is no match for the aggressive All-Monster / who quickly dispatches of his opponent and seeks his revenge against his human tormentors.

beast emerging from the depths of the valley to do battle with Gwangi. The marauding monsters grapple with each other and fall to the ground, their thunderous roar can be heard for miles around.

Finally, Gwangi bites viciously into the exposed neck of the other beast, killing him. He now turns his angry attention to the pitiful humans looking on in awe at the gory scene from their precarious perch. Tuck and friends light torches and toss them at Gwangi to divert the bellowing beast until they can reach their horses and ride to safety. Through the billowing clouds of smoke, Gwangi manages to continue tracking them as T.J., Tuck and the others make a mad dash for the opening of the valley.

The humans speed through the opening and fortunately for them the space is too narrow to allow for the passage of the huge dinosaur. As Gwangi attempts to force his way through, he crashes and is hit by rocks and falling debris that promptly render the behemoth unconscious.

Champ goes over to examine the stunned creature.

"Forget about that little horse," he announces, "now we've got us a real main attraction!"

T.J. gives Champ a doubtful look.

"I don't know if we should take something like this back with us," she says.

"Are you kidding?" exclams Champ. "This will make us a fortune!"

And so a huge cart was constructed to carry the fallen Gwangi back to the wild west show.

#### A FRIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

The capture of Gwangi received a lot of publicity and a big crowd was on hand on the fateful opening day of T.J.'s show. Practically everyone in the village was there, including the gypsies who knew what the consequences would be if Gwangi was not set free. To ensure their prophecy, one of the gypsies—just as Gwangi is about to be released to the crowd—wakes through and opens his cage. In a blaze of pure terror, Gwangi bursts loose as cries of fear erupt from the crowding crowd!

The monster wreaks havoc at the circus, destroying everything in sight. A loyal elephant bravely engages the beast in mortal combat, but he is no match for the rampaging dinosaur and is killed instantly. Gwangi cuts a wide path of horror before him, creating chaos in the town by smashing houses and crashing buildings with his deadly feet and paws. The inhabitants flee to the hills in terror.



After breaking free of his bonds, Gwangi keeps on pace with the local populace ... always, in fact. The townspeople worry for the safety of the village's sturdiest structure, the old cathedral, but Gwangi is passing on them.

Gwangi and Tuck run a race on inside the church, but Tuck is quicker than his adversary. Swiftly, he grabs a lance and with it penetrates the beast's skull. Then, leaping mouth on hand, he sets fire to the old cathedral and Gwangi burns, and the monster is consumed by the raging flames.

JAMES FRANCISCUCCI ..... Tuck Kirby  
GILA GOLAN ..... T.J. Bruckenthal  
RICHARD CARLSON ..... Cleopatra Connors  
LAURENCE BRINSMITH ..... Professor Brimley  
EDWARD JACKSON ..... The General  
JOHN CONNORS ..... Tuck's Son  
GUSTAVO ROJO ..... Carlos Del Oros  
GENNIES KILBANE ..... Remdy  
MANO DE BARROS ..... Ben  
CURTIS ARDEN ..... Lopez

Produced by Charles H. Schneer. Directed by James O'Conor. Screenplay by William E. East. Associate Producer and Creator of Visual Effects: Ray Harryhausen. Music by Jerry Goldsmith. Story by Jerry M. Marks. Pictured in Technicolor. Color by Technicolor. A Warner Bros.—Seven Arts Production

#### THE HISTORY OF HARRYHAUSEN

The work of Ray Harryhausen, monster producer and originator of visual effects on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, is well known and widely admired by fantasy fans and moviegoers. In addition to GWANGI, animation expert Harryhausen was the man behind the monstrosity in MIGHTY JOE YOUNG his master in the art of special effects, by far the most BEAST F FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. Along with producer Charles H. Schneer, Harryhausen directed the Dysthymia process used in THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, among many others. Born in Los Angeles, Ray supposedly received his training in animation from veteran KING KONG director Merian C. Cooper. Pictured in Technicolor, the special effects in that film really knocked him out and he decided then and there that special

as Gwangi continues his orgy of violent revenge.

Some of the townspeople, along with Tuck, T.J. and Lopez, take refuge in an old cathedral. Before long, however, Gwangi's enormous strength enables him to crash through the bolted doors and make his way inside. As the people start running out the back way, Tuck grabs a lance and throws it at Gwangi, piercing the monster's thick skull. While the huge head writhes in pain, Tuck takes a burning torch and holds it to the monster, setting both the cathedral and Gwangi on fire. Tuck, T.J., Lopez, and the rest make their way out safely, just as the walls begin collapsing, consuming the avenging Gwangi in the bright, deadly flames!

Outside the smoldering ruins of what once had been the stately cathedral, T.J. and Tuck stand staring at the spectacle, safe in the knowledge that the village and its people would be bathed no more by the terror and havoc spawned by the Valley of Gwangi.

animation would be his as well. At City College and USC, Ray studied photography, animation, modeling and art direction and leading film art jobs shortly after graduation, working on George Pal's animated "Pepitoons."

After a service stint during World War II, Ray Harryhausen went into animation, first as a storyboard artist and later as a director. In 1953, he joined the team of Ray Ordway on the production of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG before being put in charge of special visual effects on his next film, THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. Along with producer Charles H. Schneer, Harryhausen directed the Dysthymia process used in THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, shot in Spain ... as well as in Gwangi. Ray now lives in a small house in the Spanish sun and young daughter. As the man behind the most every successful monster in a movie ... and very often his name is Ray Harryhausen.





